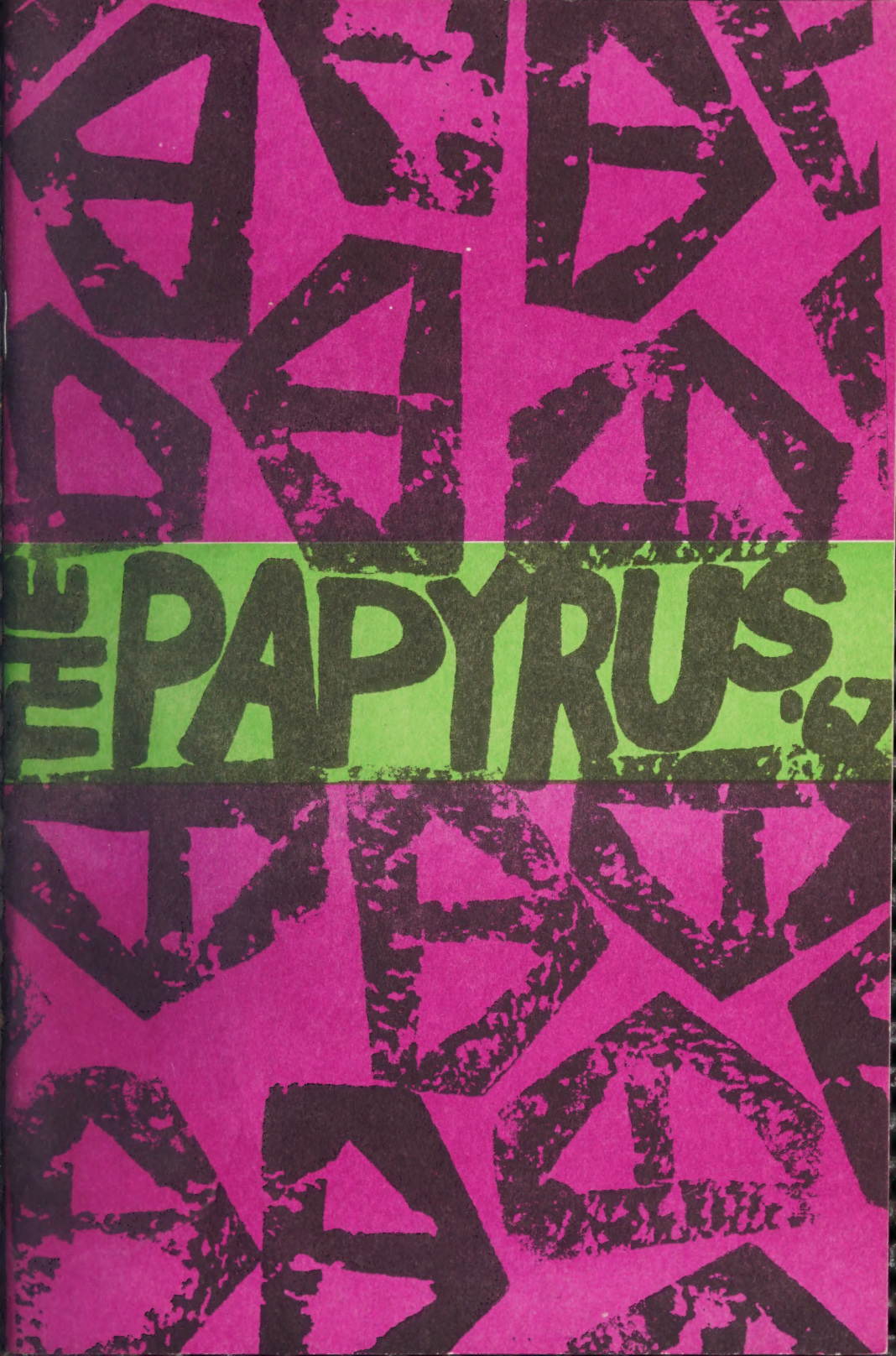
THE PAPYRUS '67

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THE PAPYRUS

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POETRY

UPON ARISING

TRANQUIL FIGURE ABED
TENDER TOES TREAD FRINGED FUR EDGES
AND GLISSADE THROUGH UNSPOKEN JOYS
TO THE MIRROR OF REALITY.

Susan Anne Warren

BALLERINA CLOCK

A PRISON BARRED BY HOURS
UNFURLS A FREEDOM DANCE CHOREOGRAPHED OF SECONDS

ALUMINUM MUSIC JANGLES THE KEY
AND RELEASES
STILTED ARMS TO JERK SPASMODICALLY
WITH JOINTED LEGS FOR A MINUTE'S PASSAGE.

THE UP-DOWN MOTION SHUDDERS -
THEN SPLINTERS TO A SUDDEN DEATH.
AND ONCE AGAIN
THE PINK NET DANCER IS A PRISONER OF TIME.

Susan Anne Warren

SKETCH

YELLOW VANITY STICKS
WIRED ON A FRAME OF SHALLOWNESS,
DOTTED BY BLUE BULGES OF PIERCING EMPTINESS
AND FLESHY LIPS PURSED BEFORE A SNEER. . .

DROP TO BARED BONES
STIFFLY ENCASED BY SOPHISTICATION,
UNDER WHICH RIGIDLY STRUT
TWO CARRIERS OF THE SHELL.

Susan Anne Warren

CHRISTMAS MEAL

THE OLD DARK WOMEN SETS A GOOD TABLE
SCARLET GOBLETS
ONCE-A-YEAR PLATES
TIME-GLOSSED SILVER
EVEN THESE SIT ON POLISHED MAHOGANY
OVERLAID WITH
CREASED WHITE COTTON.

THE OLD WOMAN SERVES A FINE TABLE
FAT, LACED TURKEY
GREEN BEANS AND SWEET CORN MIXED
LEMON-LICKED TEA
HOMEMADE FRUIT CAKE
THEY RECLINE IN THICK-BOTTOMED FLOWERY DISHES
OR FLOAT
IN SHIMMERY PITCHERS.

THE DARK WOMAN MAY EAT NOW
CRUSTY BREAD
DRY PEAS
MILK GRAVY AND TURKEY SLIVERS
THESE SCRAPE LOOSE FROM BLACKENED PANS
STICKY POTS
AND COME TO REST
IN A BROKEN DISH.

IN ANOTHER ROOM, GLASSES TINKLE AND VOICES MIX.

Anonymous

POEM

I THINK IN RAMSHACKLE MELODIES
OF UNTHINKABLE RHYME AND
NONDESCRIPT PHRASES OF A FORGOTTEN FUTURE
FULL OF ALL THINGS THAT SHOULD BE REMEMBERED
IN ORDER THAT THE SAME HOLLOW SUCCESSES
SHOULD NOT BE PRESENT IN THE PERPETUAL PAST
IN WHICH EVERYONE THINKS AND LIVES.

Karen Copeland

2:00 A.M.

A WHITE BOA CONSTRICTOR WITH A
PINK BOW ON HER TAIL
HUMPLE-BUMPED THROUGH THE
BLUE GLASS OF THE YELLOW APE'S FUR
AND SNIFFED AT THE GREEN COLOGNE
LYING AMONG PLAID TRASH

THEN SHE SLITHERLEGGED
HER WAY INTO HER PRIVATE
TOMATO CAN AND
SNAKED OFF INTO THE
LINOLEUM SUNSET

Susan Anne Warren

DOORS

PUSH AND PULL
OPEN AND SHUT DOORS.
MAGIC STORE DOORS.
DOORS THAT JANGLE
AND LEAD ON INTO AN
INNER SANCTUM OF QUIET, MOLDY DUST.
DOORS THAT BUZZ AND CARRY ONE
MILES AND MILES AND MILES AND MILES
ABOVE RIPPLING STAIRS PROPELLING ONE
DOWN TO STREET DOORS.
IN AND OUT DOORS.
MORE DOORS.

FOSSIL-WHITE MUSEUM DOORS
KNOCKERED UP WITH
MASSIVE JAPANESE LIONS.
BRASS-STUDDED, BIBLE-BLACK
CHURCH DOORS.
MOUSEY, VELVETY
LEATHER-BOUND LIBRARY DOORS.

TRAVELING DOORS.
GET IN! HOP OUT DOORS.
GATEWAYS TO HOME DOORS
OR TO A THOUSAND OTHER
MORE IMPORTANT DOORS.

THE LADY OR THE TIGER DOORS.
MEN WOMEN
PRIVATE, DECISION DOORS.
ONE WAY OR THE OTHER DOORS.

LEAF-FILLED PATHS
WAITING FOR IMPORTANT
WADING VISITORS TO SLOSH THROUGH
AND BE RESCUED BY
FRONT DOORS.
WELL-TRODDEN LANES
POINTING FEEBLY TOWARDS
BACK DOORS.

SIDE DOORS
OPENING INTO DARK ALLEYS
AND SHUTTING OUT
OP ART DOORS.
REVOLVING DOORS.
SLIDING OFFICE DOORS
HINGED ON
TYPEWRITER ROLLERS AND THE SPOKEN WORD.

SCHOOL ROOM DOORS
INSTRUCTING CHILDREN TO THE
WHEREABOUTS OF INSTRUCTORS WHO
OPEN OTHER DOORS.
JIP'S DOOR
JERRY'S DOOR.
LOOK! SEE
ALICE DOOR.

FANTASY DOORS.
ALICE-IN-WONDERLAND
DOLL-HOUSE DOORS.
HAZY DREAM DOORS.

THINK NOW ABOUT
CASKET DOORS.
ALWAYS CLOSING
FOREVER UNOPENING DOORS.
DOORS WITH NO DOORKNOBS.

Susan Anne Warren

PROSE

A BRIGHT DAY IT WAS. PIERCING THROUGH THE CLEAR BRISKNESS OF AN OCTOBER SKY CAME THE APPEASING WARMTH OF THE BLAZING SUN. SPIRITED BY SUCH A BEAUTIFUL DAY, COMPLACENT PEOPLE MOVED ABOUT HURRIEDLY, COMPLETELY ENVELOPED BY THEIR OWN SELF INTERESTS. NO ONE SEEMED TO NOTICE THE OLD MAN. NO ONE REALLY SAW HIM.

WITH UNSURE HESITANT STEPS HE MADE HIS WAY TOWARD THE BUILDING. CLUTCHED TIGHTLY IN THE WRINKLED AND FRAIL HAND WAS AN OLD CANE. ITS SHINY EXTERIOR HAD BEEN WORN AWAY BY CONSTANT USE, AND NOW ONLY THE GRAY WEATHER-BEATEN WOOD REMAINED. BUT IT WAS THE OLD MAN'S ONLY SOURCE OF SECURITY. EACH STEP HE EVER DARED TO TAKE WAS FIRST TAKEN, NOT BY HIS DOUBTFUL FEET, BUT BY THE PROTRUDING CANE.

AFTER HE HAD VENTURED ACROSS THE STREET, HE BEGAN TO BREATHE A SIGH OF RELIEF. ONLY A FEW MORE YARDS TO GO AND HE'D BE INSIDE - SAFE. ONLY A FEW MORE STEPS.....

AS THESE THOUGHTS FILLED THE FEEBLE MIND, HE FELT AN ABRUPT THUD ACROSS HIS ARM. FOR A CRUCIAL SECOND PANIC SEIZED HIM. HE HAD ALMOST DROPPED IT - ALMOST LOST HIS MOST PRECIOUS ARTICLE. HE ALMOST LOST THE CANE.

"SORRY OLD MAN. YOU BUMPED RIGHT INTO ME."

THIS GRUFF STATEMENT SHATTERED HIS SECLUDED THOUGHTS, AND WITHOUT A WORD HE RESUMED HIS CAUTIOUS WALK TOWARD THE DOOR. HE KNEW ME MUST BE NEAR IT - ONLY A FEW MORE STEPS. YES, ONLY A FEW MORE. HIS HAND REACHED OUT IN FRONT OF HIM, EXPECTING TO FEEL THE FAMILIAR TOUCH OF THE DOOR, BUT FEELING INSTEAD BAFFLING EMPTINESS. WHERE AM I, HE BEGAN TO THINK. WHERE IS THE DOOR? WHERE? THROUGH

THE ABYSS OF DARKNESS HE GROPED, FALTERING - SEEKING THAT WHICH HE COULD NOT FIND - THAT WHICH HE COULD NEVER SEE.

"MISTER, YOU LOOKING FOR THE DOOR. HERE, LET ME HELP YOU - HERE WE GO, RIGHT THROUGH HERE."

THE OLD MAN NEVER SAW THE BLACK FACE THAT BELONGED TO THE GENTLE VOICE. BUT HE COULD FEEL. YES, HE KNEW THE TOUCH OF KINDNESS. FOR A SECOND HIS WORLD OF DARKNESS LIFTED TO LET IN A RAY OF THAT OCTOBER SUNSHINE. AND HE COULD REALLY SEE: NOT THROUGH THE EYES, BUT THE HEART.

Anonymous

NEW YEAR'S EVE IN NEW YORK

"BOOBIE, YOU'RE EMACIATED! REALLY! I MEAN, YOUR HAIR LOOKS MARVELOUS! DID YOU GET A WHOLE NEW WARDROBE?"

"HEY, HOW GOES IT? TURNED INTO A SOUTHERN BELLE YET?"

"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE SCHOOL SITUATION DOWN THERE? CIVIL RIGHTS STUFF MUST REALLY GET ON YOUR NERVES."

"WHAT'RE THE BOYS LIKE???"

"WHERE'RE YOU APPLYING? WHERE? GOD, YOU'D BETTER START THINKING."

"SMILE. EVERYBODY'S DISENCHANTED."

"ALL THAT RELIGION - DAY AFTER DAY. HOW DO YOU STAY SANE?"

"WE'RE ALL GOING CRAZY - HALF THE KIDS AT B.U. TAKE DOPE. HEY! LISTEN TO THIS RECORD - BROUGHT IT DOWN FROM BOSTON. FANTASTIC! YEAH, I'M FLUNKING OUT - NEXT TIME YOU HEAR FROM ME I'LL BE IN VIET NAM."

"STUDYING HARD?"

"ARE YOUR PARENTS STILL DOWN YOUR BACK? HOW'D YOU EVER GET THE O.K.?"

"HARDLY RECOGNIZED YA."

"HEY, SHOW ME HOW TO DO THAT THING AGAIN - WHAT D'YA CALL IT?"

"ISN'T THIS A BLAST?"

"ALL THAT RELIGION. . . DO YOU STILL FEEL THE SAME ABOUT EVERYTHING?"

"YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHO I'M WITH - HAHAHA. DESPERATION."

"BOOBIE! WHAT'S IN THAT GLASS?"

"I'M NOT GETTING ENOUGH OF AN ACADEMIC CHALLENGE"

"YOU ARE COMING BACK UP TO SCHOOL?"

"WHAT A COINCIDENCE! WE SMOKE THE SAME BRAND!"

"SAY, I WANT YOU TO VISIT MY COUSINS IN WINSTON-SALEM. GREAT PEOPLE."

"GOD, THE ACCENTS! HOW FUNNY. . ."

"YOU SAY 'Y'ALL' ONE MORE TIME AND I'LL SOCK YA IN THE MOUTH."

"GREAT TO SEE YOU!"

"YOUR HAIR! HAVE YOU LOST WEIGHT?"

COLLEGE IS A DRAG. I'M TRANSFERRING UP TO CORNELL NEXT YEAR. EVERYBODY'S REALLY IMPRESSED WITH THEMSELVES."

"REMEMBER ME?"

"I WANNA HEAR THE SUPREMES."

"YOU'RE GONNA TRIP ON THOSE BEADS. . ."

"I MAY NOT GET ACCEPTED ANYWHERE AT THE RATE I'M GOING. I PUT DOWN N.Y.U. AS A SAFETY! MY PARENTS ARE ECSTATIC. I'LL PROBABLY MAJOR IN BEATNIK-ISM. TWENTIETH CENTURY."

"HAVE A CIGARETTE - GOD, IS THIS PLACE LIKE A SMOKE SCREEN! WANT A SIP? IT'S POTENT, BUT IT TASTES JUST LIKE LEMONADE. NORM MIXED IT UP."

"WOULD YOU BE WILLING TO BE DISOWNED....."

"WE'RE GETTING ALONG GREAT - SHE KISSED ME HELLO!"

"WE MUST KNOW A LOT OF THE SAME PEOPLE."

"YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE HOW SHE'S CHANGED . . . ALL THE PRESSURE, YOU KNOW. GOD, THE PRESSURE."

"DR. LEARY? WHAT IS IT?"

"WHAT'D YOU SEE IN THE CITY? LAST WEEK IT WAS MOBBED - A SLUSH BOWL."

"SOMETIMES HE THINKS HE'S IN LOVE WITH HER; SOMETIMES SHE THINKS SHE'S IN LOVE WITH HIM..."

"ANYONE FOR THUMPER?"

"YOU DON'T GO TO PACE DO YOU? LORD, YOU HAD ME SCARED!"

"I'D GO INSANE - RIGHT OVER THE BRINK."

"TASTE THIS."

"I FIND ALL THIS INCREDIBLY BORING, DON'T YOU?"

"WELL, WORK IN A DIME STORE FOR A YEAR AND FIND YOURSELF."

"I'D REFUSE TO GO TO A SEGREGATED SCHOOL! I THINK THE WHOLE SITUATION IS SO RIDICULOUS - WHY DOESN'T SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING? CAN'T THEY BE FORCED TO INTEGRATE? JOHNSON! ECCCH. I'M SO GLAD I GOT INTO BENNINGTON - AT LEAST THERE. . ."

"DO YOU REALIZE THAT TOO MUCH OF THIS MUSIC'LL MAKE YOU GO DEAF?"

"HE'S CONSTANTLY SEARCHING FOR SECURITY. HE DOESN'T REALLY LIKE THE GIRL - HE MET HER THE FIRST WEEK AND - BAM - HERE THEY ARE. AND SHE'S NOT EVEN JEWISH."

"YOU DON'T MEAN TO TELL ME YOU'RE HAPPY! YOU'RE KIDDING! YOU'VE GOT TO BE. . ."

"SHE JUST HASN'T GOT THE FIGURE FOR A PANTSUIT. DID YOU GET THAT RING AT NOTO'S? IT'S DIFFERENT."

"WHERE'S THE BATHROOM?"

"MAYBE IF GOLDWATER HADN'T BEEN SO HASTY. . ."

"PLEASE COME BACK FOR SPRING VACATION OR GRADUATION AT LEAST."

"THEY LOOK SO VERY ODD TOGETHER. . ."

"I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO GET BACK TO SCHOOL SO I CAN REST. DON'T TELL ME COLLEGE'S HARD. GOD, THE FREEDOM! IT'S FANTASTIC. THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN HOME SO FAR. I JUST WRITE HOME FOR MONEY. NEVER HAVE TO GO TO CLASS AND I'VE GOT A B AVERAGE. READ ONE ASSIGNED BOOK. DO YOU PLAY BRIDGE?"

"DIDN'T MEAN TO BURST IN LIKE THIS. . ."

"AND WE SAW THIS SIGN, "SOUL FOOD". HYSTERICAL!"

BLIND DATES? VOMIT. WHY DO YOU THINK I JOINED A FRATERNITY?"

"WHO CARES?!! IT'S MY PARTY AND MY TABLE! GREATEST PARTY I'VE EVER HAD! GIMME A KISS HAPPY NEW YEAR."

Anonymous

PORTRAIT OF AN INVALID

I LIE ABED IN MY CHEERLESS ROOM SURROUNDED BY FOUR UNBROKEN BARRIERS OF STILLNESS THAT SEEM TO THRUST THEMSELVES ON ME MORE WITH EACH LINGERING HOUR. THE STARCHED, WHITE CURTAINS ONLY SERVE TO PUNCTUATE THIS UNRUFFLED STILLNESS. A PINK COMFORTER GLIDES RESTLESSLY ACROSS MY SKIN WHEN I TURN AND THE SOFT MATTRESS SEEMS TO STIFFEN UNDER MY BODY.

NOW THE FOUR O'CLOCK TRAY IN BROUGHT IN. PEPPERMINT MARSHMALLOWS DRIFT ATOP DARK WAVES OF STEAMING COCOA THAT SPLASHES OVER AND FINALLY SLIDES DOWN THE CURVED SURFACE OF THE BLACK, THICK-WALLED MUG ONTO A WARM PLATE OF GOLDEN ANIMAL CRACKERS.

THE WINDOW PANES BREATHE IN AND OUT PRODDED BY THE WIND THAT BRINGS THE RAIN. RAIN - TORRENTS OF GOD'S SPENT ANGER DISSOLVING INTO PUDDLES OF FRUSTRATION THAT FLOW SILENTLY DOWN MY CHEEK.

Susan Anne Warren

ALONE

I WANDERED DOWN THE LAND WHILE THE SOFT, MORNING AIR SURROUNDED ME. LOOKING ABOVE THE REGIMENTS OF STONE, SPIRES AND STEEPLES WERE POINTS OF DARKNESS. BEHIND THE SCARRED FACES OF EACH HUNG AN EGG-SHAPED SUN, WARNING OF THE COMING HEAT. TRAVELING ONWARD WITH THE PROGRESSING DAY MY THOUGHTS OF HOPE DWINDLES. EACH HOUR, MINUTE, AND MOMENT I PRAYED TO FIND HELP BUT HOW, HOW COULD ANYONE HELP. I WAS ALONE, ALONE FOREVER, TO LIVE IN THE RUINS OF MAN.

Laura Goetee

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